This Week
MAGAZINE

October 20, 1963

Los Angeles Times

Britain's Last Royal Family?

A barbed forecast from famous critic Malcolm Muggeridge

Grandfather and the Tiger

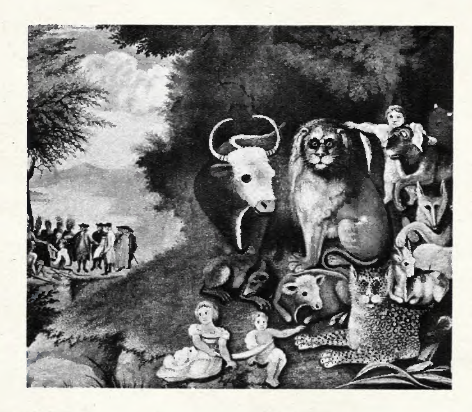
Memorable fiction by master storyteller John D. MacDonald



Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip at Trooping the Color ceremony

Camera Press

The Art of Peace — By WILFERD A. PETERSON



"LORD MAKE ME an instrument of Thy peace . . ." Thus begins the inspired prayer of Saint Francis of Assisi. Peace can be achieved only *through people!*

► WORLD-WIDE PEACE and peace in our little worlds of home, family, office, industry, community . . . depend upon each one of us putting into action the art of peace . . .

► PEACE IS GOD on both sides of the table in a conference.

► IT IS putting the power of good will to work.

► IT IS sanity, maturity and common sense in human relationships.

► IT IS open-mindedness. It is a willingness to listen as well as to speak. It is looking at both sides of a situation objectively.

► IT IS patience. It means keeping our tempers and rising above petty irritations. It is counting to ten and avoiding hasty and impulsive decisions.

► IT IS having the courage and humility to admit mistakes and to take the blame when we are wrong.

► IT IS tact. Tact has been defined as the ability to pull the stinger of a bee without getting stung.

► IT IS vision. It is taking the long look. It is being willing to give up individual advantages for the common good.

► IT IS straight thinking. It is recognizing that iron curtains are *not metal, but mental,* and that they are woven of fear, prejudice and mistrust.

► IT IS a quality of the heart as well as the head. It is a warmth, an enthusiasm, a magnetism that reaches out and draws people together in understanding and love.

► IT IS a mighty faith in the goodness of God and the potential greatness of man.

No. 5 *in a series from a new book on "The Art of Living." The illustration is "The Peaceable Kingdom," from the Philadelphia Museum of Art, painted by American primitive artist Edward Hicks in 1848. Millions will echo the same dream of universal peace when they observe United Nations Day on Thursday. Next week: "The Art of Love."*

The National Sunday Magazine with the world's largest circulatian . . . 14,583,575 **October 20, 1963**





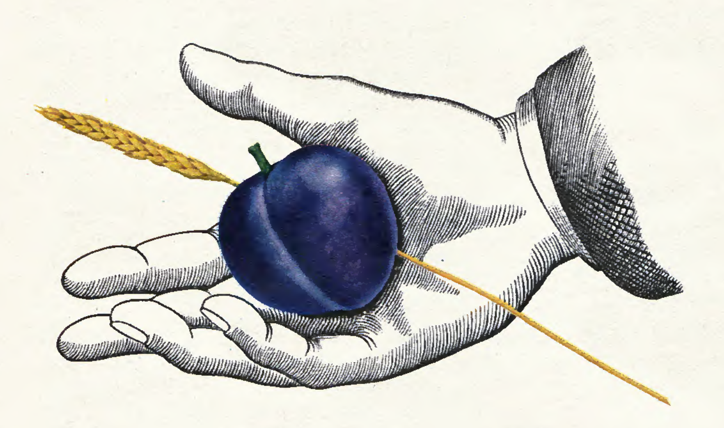
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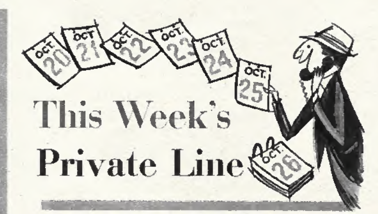
*Patent applied for



TWO NATURALS JOIN FORCES

Now one cereal gives you both the natural benefits of bran and the orchard-grown sweetness of prunes in every spoonful. Get the rewards of both . . . everything that your family could ask for to start the day a little bit better.





This Week's Private Line

News, Views and Cues from all over

How to get a man Here's news, girls! If you thought that vacation was the big romance season, forget it. According to a survey made by the French magazine "Elle" only two per cent of French women polled said they met their husbands on holiday, even though they spent all their savings on summer frocks and bikinis.

More likely ways to meet men, says the survey, are these:

Chance acquaintance (subway, bus, movie theater, etc.)	4%
At dances	5%
Childhood friendship	5%
Participation sports	6%
Social and political clubs	6%
Family connections	7%
School and study courses	9%
Homes of friends	11%
AT WORK	44%

Our only comment on that final statistic is, "*Vive l'industrie!*"

•

Birthday of the week We always keep an eye on the calendar for interesting anniversaries. The coming week isn't remarkable for much except that the world began 5,967 years ago next Tuesday.

The famous calculation from Genesis was made by Anglican **Archbishop James Usher** of Armagh in the seventeenth century. He put the time at 9 a.m. Greenwich. That would translate into 4 a.m. EST, 3 a.m. Central, 2 a.m. Mountain and 1 a.m. Pacific Coast Time. Happy birthday, world!

•

Just for U-boat With Christmas not so far away, it's time to reconsider the plight of "the man who has everything." If he's a duffer who drives lots of golf balls into the lake perhaps he'd like a private submarine like this one owned by **Mart Togg-**



weiler of **Long Beach, Calif.** Just 14 feet long, she's powered by a 24-volt battery, can navigate under- —continued on page 35

It's a shame more women don't take up writing

Although she has brought up four children, America's most popular woman novelist has managed to write more than 70 books, including many best-sellers. Now she offers some encouraging advice to women who want to get more out of life.



By Faith Baldwin

I think it's unfortunate tbat many women with real writing talent bury it under a mountain of disbes.

Actually, writing is one of tbe ideal professions for women. You don't have to go to an office, you don't bave to be away witb half your mind on your household . . . wondering, if it rains, did you close the windows? And for the woman wbo is tied down to her home, writing provides a wonderful means of emotional release and self-expression, to say nothing of the extra income it can bring.

Why, then, don't more women write? It certainly can't be for lack of material. There are many things that *only* a woman can write about with the knowledge that comes of firsthand experience.

Perhaps that's why — unlike many other professions — the welcome mat is really out for women in tbe writing field. Here, we have something special to offer — our own point of view. Take the best-seller, *Please Don't Eat the Daisies*. No man could have written that book!

Don't say, "I don't have time"

Saying you "could write" if you "bad time" is no excuse. The fact is that I've had a house to run for most of my life. I was lucky in that I had some help with the housework and the children, but there are always the "days off" and also unexpected illnesses. I think I've spent more time in hospital waiting rooms than almost anyone else.

Even without the responsibilities of a home, starting my career wouldn't have been easy. It's bard to learn to write well enough to be publisbed when you're working all alone.

I've often wisbed that when I was in my twenties I had had access to a professional writer who would bave been honest with me. As it was, I learned through rejections and rewriting — tbe trial and error method.

After I had become established, I began to wonder if there wasn't an easier way. Wouldn't beginning writers have a better chance of making good, and serve a shorter apprenticesbip, if they could get training in their own homes by well-known, successful writers?

A new kind of writing school is born

Two years ago such an opportunity became available — for the first time — to people who want to write.

I was invited to join with eleven otber authors to start the Famous Writers School. Our aim was to help qualified men and women develop tbeir skill, talent and craftsmanship . . . and to pass on to them our own secrets of achieving commercial success and recognition.

We started by writing down all the techniques of successful writing that we'd learned the hard way, and organizing tbem into a set of textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a system for giving every student, through home-study, the many hours of individual guidance and criticism tbat every developing writer needs.

We patterned our teaching metbods after those of our parent organization, the Famous Artists Schools, which has trained thousands of men and women for successful art careers.

You are a class of one

Every instructor is a working professional writer who has himself met and solved the problem of writing for publication many times.

When you complete an assignment and mail it to our School, one of tbese writer-instructors spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils improvements right on your manuscript, just as my editors often do. Tben he sends it back to you with a long letter of detailed comment and specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

The assignments are simple at the start and gradually become more challenging. You learn step-by-step. After you get tbe basic principles, you move on to more specialized training in the field of your choice: Fiction Writing, Non-Fiction Writing, Advertising or Business Writing.

Because we twelve who started the School have very definite ideas about the teaching of writing, we regularly take time out from our own work to visit the School and confer with the instructors.

And we've recently found another way to belp the students. Our School now publishes tbe *Famous Writers Magazine*, as a showcase for student work. It also features articles by the twelve of us who started the School, by tbe instructors, and by other writers and editors.

Students already selling work

Our School is less than three years old. Its first students are not due to graduate until the end of this year. Yet students have already sold their work to more than 60 different magazines and newspapers including *The Reader's Digest*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *True*, *Redbook*, *Los Angeles Times*, *Washington Star*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, *Parents' Magazine* and many others.

Have you the urge to write? If so, get busy! It's a wonderful feeling to see your own name in print. And that first cbeck, no matter what tbe size, is one of the big thrills of a lifetime.

But the greatest reward you'll get from writing professionally is something mucb less tangible . . . the feeling of communicating with your readers. If only one sentence you write opens a door for one other human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment that no other work in the world can bring you.

Writing Talent Test offered

Faith Baldwin and the other Famous Writers have designed a revealing Talent Test to help you determine if you could benefit from professional training. The coupon will bring you a copy of the Test, along with a brochure describing the School, its courses and teaching methods.

When you complete and return the Test, it will be graded without charge by one of the School's instructors. If the results indicate you have writing talent, you are then eligible to enroll in the School. However, you are under no obligation to do so.

Photo by Philippe Halsman

They started the Famous Writers School: seated (l. to r.), Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff; standing, Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.

Famous Writers School
Dept. 6339, Westport, Connecticut

I am interested in finding out whether I have writing talent worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, the Famous Writers Talent Test and descriptive brochure.

Mr.
Mrs.................................Age.....
Miss (please print)

Street.......................................

City..............................Zone....

County...........................State....

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not vinegar • ammonia •
soap and water • other sprays •
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Here is a *totally new formula* of cleaning ingredients. New and dramatically *fast*. It undermines greasy film, floats dirt free in seconds.
Now you have all the piercing cleaning power of *ammonia*, and no odor.
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For years, we've been saying that Windex gets glass so clean, it seems to disappear.
It does the same *now*—faster than ever before, faster than anything else.
Cleans better than anything you've used.
New Hi-Speed Windex—another work-saving product from Drackett.

This Week
MAGAZINE

How to Enjoy Being Arrested



By PHILIP WYLIE

Every day speeders get tickets, give the cop a hard time, and end up paying a fine. Here a famous writer tells what happens if you play it a different way

MIAMI

THE POLICE CAR had been visible in my rear-view mirror for some time. Now, it drew alongside. I was under arrest. I pulled off the road and stopped. Opened my window and cut off my air conditioner. The uniformed officer spoke with cold authority.

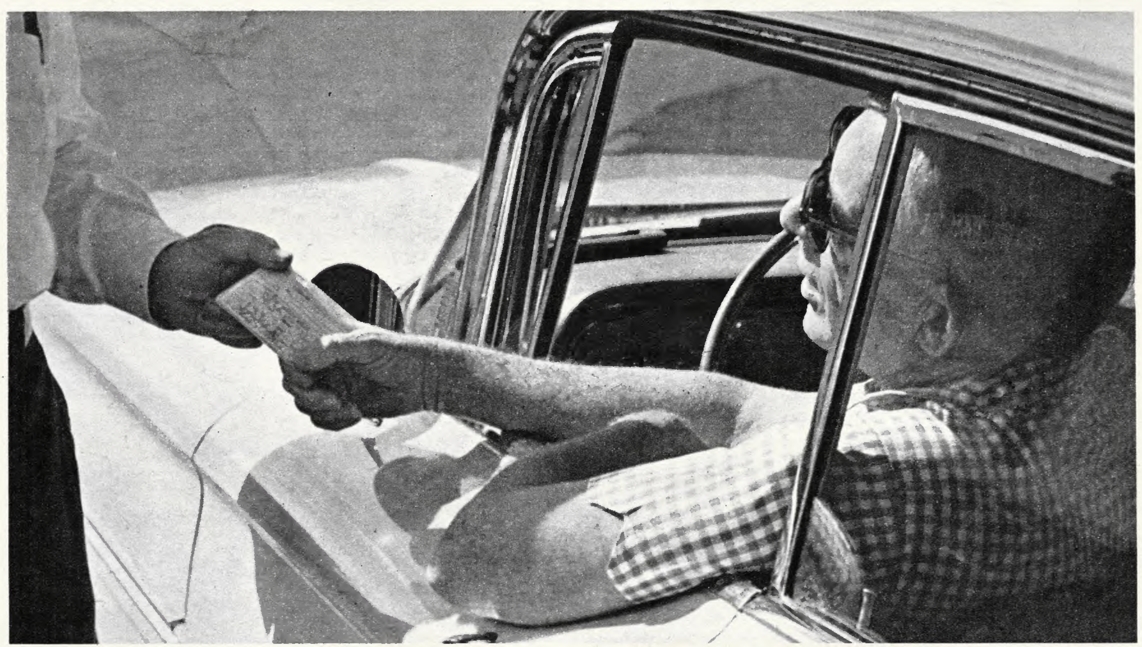
"The charge is speeding. Fifty-five, in a forty-mile zone. Let me see your license."

The people in my car began to mutter protests. If I was doing 55, they said, then the bunched traffic I'd been gradually overtaking was doing 50. So why pick on me?

I suggested that they skip arguments . . . and got out. Went back to the cop's car. He and I were parked on the narrow shoulder of the MacArthur Causeway — three lanes, each way, connecting Miami and Miami Beach.

The officer was squinting against a blast of sunlight, in spite of his greenish sun-glasses, so I did an entirely human and unthinking thing: I moved to cast my shadow over his busy pencil. "Give you a little shade," I said.

Surprised, he looked up at me. "Thanks." He wrote for a moment — no longer squinting. But that small act affected him: what sort of man would *help* a cop write a ticket? He looked at me again. "First time — continued on page 28



A SMILE FOR A SUMMONS: *Mr. Wylie illustrates proper ticket-taking form — courtesy, co-operation, no threats or alibis*

Britain's last Royal

In an article that will surprise Americans, a noted critic claims that the British public is bored with the Royal Family. Queen Elizabeth's popularity has been undermined by silly publicity, he says, and the growing apathy threatens to leave Prince Charles without a throne



By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Critic, writer and former editor of "Punch"

LONDON

THE FIRST ROYAL CHARLES had his head cut off. The second Royal Charles, though known as the Merry Monarch, spent much of his life in penurious exile. I suspect that the third Royal Charles will never be a king. What wars and socialism couldn't topple, apathy will overthrow.

As a show, the British monarchy has been overexposed, and the inevitable reaction has set in. It has become a bore. Soon after the present Queen's coronation, I ventured to predict that something of the sort would happen, and was furiously maligned in consequence. Nowadays, I find myself, metaphorically speaking, patted on the back for having resisted the tide of popular hysteria which accompanied Queen Elizabeth's accession.

It often happens, when an institution or public attitude seems to be at its highest point of popularity, that, actually, the process of irremediable decay has already set in. Thus, for instance, as can now be seen, the jingoistic imperialism popularized by Rudyard Kipling belonged to the twilight, not the noontide, of empire. So with the monarchy. When the former Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Fisher of Lambeth, unctuously remarked that during Queen Elizabeth's coronation "this country and Commonwealth were not far from the kingdom of Heaven," had he but known it he was pronouncing a benediction, not intoning a Magnificat. A drunkard contemplating recourse to Alcoholics Anonymous is inclined to go on one last colossal binge. In the same sort of way the English abandoned themselves to the emotional excesses of the coronation as a prelude to forswearing such excesses forever.

Rating is down

Newspapers and magazines nowadays give less and less space to the doings of the royal family. Their appearance even on the covers of women's magazines has become something of a rarity. The recent trip of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Australia was only scantily reported in the English press, and was regarded by many Australians as a total flop. The B.B.C., that perfect Establishment barometer, always used to begin its news bulletins with items relating to the royal family; now such items, if mentioned at all, are relegated to the end. Considered as a soap opera, the monarchy is still on the air, but its rating is by no means what it was, and steadily falling; a state of affairs from which it can normally be deduced that the program in question will soon be dropped altogether.

This notable decline in the public esteem in which the monarchy is held is at any rate partly due to excessive promotion. Everyone who has worked in advertising knows that if too much is claimed for a product, its authentic qualities will in course of time cease to be recognized. If water were to be recommended as being as exhilarating as champagne, the time would soon come when consumers, irritated to find that water did not intoxicate, forgot that it was nonetheless thirst-quenching and refreshing.

A nice girl anyway

So with the monarchy. Insistence that the Queen is radiantly beautiful, infinitely charming and inordinately wise, leads, by a process of inevitable reaction, to ignoring the fact that she is a nice, homely little woman doing her best to fill the ludicrous role in which fate has cast her.

The dynasties which have best survived these troubled decades are the ones for which least has been claimed. No one suggests that Queen Juliana of Holland is ravishingly beautiful, or that King Gustaf of Sweden is devastatingly witty; no Richard Dimbleby animadverts upon the radiance of King Frederik of Denmark. *The result is that these royal houses remain, relatively speaking, in good shape. Our own, too highly and unctuously recommended, is already foundering.*

Then, again, our monarchy labors under the handicap of being associated with England's declining position in the world, and, more calamitously, with the shifts adopted to pretend that no such decline has occurred. Thus the Queen is induced to make preposterous statements about "my peoples overseas," when, as everyone knows, the peoples referred to have probably never heard of her, or, if they have, feel the utmost indifference about the throne she has inherited, and on which she so awkwardly sits. The Commonwealth is only a holding company, set up to dispose of the dwindling assets of Empire for what they will fetch, which is little enough, and that in depreciating paper currency. As the head of this transparent hoax, the Queen is necessarily involved in its fraudulence.

The Knights draw a laugh

Again, the ritual of the court, and the Don Quixote-like character, and even appearance, of most courtiers, adds to the public sense of the general ludicrousness and unreality of the whole monarchical institution. A ceremony like the assembling of the Knights of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which is supposed to be solemnly impressive, is more likely to raise a titter than generate any awe. *Old, decrepit generals and noblemen, so absurdly wrapped in their Garter robes — what have they to do with England and its problems as they exist in the second half of the twentieth century?* Ritual and ceremonial, to be valid, must bear some relation to

IT'S TOUGH TO BE KING CHARLES

Of Britain's three royal Charleses, the first lost both his crown and his head in the Puritan Revolution, and the second spent a dreary stretch in exile on the Continent. The third, young Prince Charles — if Mr. Muggeridge is right — may never ascend the throne at all



CHARLES I (1625-49)



CHARLES II (1660-85)



CHARLES III — ?

Family?

contemporary realities. The ceremonial connected with a monarchy like ours, which has uo power and no authority, but only their shoddily antique trappings, is totally meaningless.

Power fades fast

Furthermore, England is now the only country left in the world where the principle of hereditary authority is still nominally maintained, in the sense of a peerage with pretended powers.

It is true there is still a French nobility of various vintages. Each of the regimes from the Bourbons onward, and through the two Napoleons, has left its mildewed deposit of counts, barons and viscounts. They maintain their titles, but little else. Unless they manage to marry American heiresses, get into the pages of a Proust or a Sagan, or be photographed with Elsa Maxwell, they live in obscurity and, for the most part, penury. Likewise, the Italian, German, Dutch and other European nobility. But in England alone we have an hereditary House of Lords which is still technically part of the functioning of parliamentary government.

It is also true that, in a country like America, the inheritance of wealth amounts to inheriting a position of power and influence.

Fortunately, however, the offspring of millionaires tend to engage in profligate pursuits like repeated matrimony, which soon exhaust their energies and disperse their wealth. In two to three generations their power has gone, and the great fortunes they inherited have either entirely disappeared, or been consolidated into trusts to finance works of public utility.

Peers don't show up

But Britain's so-called Upper House of Parliament is an institution which, even for England, is quite preposterously anachronistic and absurd. *Most of the nine hundred or so peers entitled to sit in it never go near the place.* A good proportion of them are of recent creation by purchase. Lord Beaverbrook, an authority on such matters, recently disclosed that the first Lord Astor (William Waldorf Astor, and one of our less acceptable importations from America) paid £200,000 to Conservative Party funds just to be raised from Baron to Viscount, a sum vastly exceeding what his grandson is said to have paid to the late Dr. Ward as a contribution towards Miss Christine Keeler's rent. Original creations, one gathers, cost from £100,000; a knighthood could be picked for as little as £10,000 and a baronetcy for £30,000.

Such transactions, as they become known, serve further to discredit the House of Lords, and with it the whole conception of — continued on page 27

Keystone



HER MAJESTY: *Cecil Beaton's Coronation portrait of Queen Elizabeth II depicts royal glory. Today, says Malcolm Muggeridge, Elizabeth is "a nice, homely little woman doing her best to fill a ludicrous role"*

FICTION

End of the Tiger



Grandfather never bothered to explain why he did things, and sometimes it took kids years to understand. Like the time Tiger Shaw played a practical joke on Gretchen the goose . . .

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

I SAW TIGER SHAW the other day. He didn't recognize me. There's no reason why he should. When he was going with my big sister Christine, I was just one of the swarm of little brothers and sisters who knew enough not to get too close to him or you'd get a Dutch rub with those big knuckles.

I saw him in a narrow street in town, unloading a truck into a warehouse, tattoos on his big meaty arms, his belly grown big as a sack of cement, all of him looking sour and surly and dispirited. It seemed too bad, because he was a beautiful young man back when he was one of the best athletes they ever had in the high school. He lasted a year in college before he got into a scandal about throwing games, and they let him go into the army.

Christine and Tiger were a pair of beautiful people that summer.

There were seven of us children in all. Now there are six, and when we all get together, with all our wives and husbands and kids, we think of Bunny and are saddened, because he was the littlest one of all, and dear to us. The times of getting together are rare, because we're scattered now. Christine's husband teaches at the University of Toronto. Her eldest is twelve. All the marriages are pretty good. Mine is fine.

And when we get together, one of the things we always do is to tell grandfather stories. There are a lot of them. He raised us, he and our mother. He was a big wild random old man, very partial to dramatic scenes. At least half the things he did made absolutely no sense to us as children. He never explained. He just lived according to his unpredictable instincts. But it is strange how, as time goes by, we begin to see how some of the nonsense things made sense.

Until the day he died, I don't think we all ever really forgave him about the goose. Yesterday, when I saw Tiger Shaw, I wished that my grandfather had at least tried to explain about Gretchen. That was the name of the goose.

THAT MAY, the summer Christine and Tiger were in love, Nan — the youngest sister — bought the baby goose from a farm up the road for ninety cents saved out of her allowance. For about three days it belonged to her, and then it belonged to all of us, and owned the pond out in the side yard. We kids were all her fellow geese, and she plodded along behind us, making small nervous sounds about all the dangers the world holds for an unwary goose. She was blazing white and took excellent care of herself with that clever serrated bill. Anybody who rowed the skiff around the pond had Gretchen aboard before they could even launch it, standing in the bow, honking her pleasure.

By July Gretchen was of pretty good size, and she was enchanted with Christine's long golden hair. Christine would sit and Gretchen would preen that hair, never tugging or hurting, making little chortling sounds in her throat. We all learned Gretchen's likes and dislikes. She could be patted a little, but not very much. She was nervous about the night, ignored cats, despised dogs, and would bow very low in ceremonious oriental greeting when anyone approached.

Tiger was at our place a lot that summer. He was a hero, of course, huge and golden. But we quickly learned wariness. He was quick and he knew the places that hurt. And he would roar with laughter, and we, out of pride, would laugh with him, though eyes might be stinging.

I remember those long summer dusks after the evening meal before the littlest ones had to be shooed off to bed. We'd all be out in the side yard, and on the side porch, and Gretchen would come padding up across the yard from the pond giving oriental greetings.

ONE OF THE GRANDFATHER STORIES we don't tell is about Tiger and the goose.

Gretchen was wary of Tiger Shaw, and it seemed to be a plausible instinct. As I remember that evening, Tiger was going to take Christine to some sort of barn dance just over the county line. Christine had on a blue dress with little white flowers. Her hair was brushed to a soft gleam. In the country fashion, Tiger had to stay around for a little time before taking her away into the gathering dusk, going down the road with her in that car of his that made a snarling sound that faded into the distance, sounding as it died away like a bee buzzing nearby.

We kids were fooling around in the yard. Sheila was acting wistful. She was near to her dating time, when the young men would be coming for her. Our grandfather was on the porch in the rocker, and off in the east, by the far hills, there was darkness and a pink inaudible pulse of lightning.

Tiger and Christine were sitting a few feet apart, and Gretchen plodded up behind them, behind the low bench, and with a big whack of her white wings made an awkward hop up onto the bench, leaned the adoring curve of her neck toward Christine and began, with little chucklings, to preen the fine strands of the golden hair.

We were all watching it, thinking uneasily that Gretchen was uncommonly close to Tiger Shaw. He was very quick for such a big muscley person, quick without looking quick. And he was seldom without a cud of gum in his jaws. That is one of the memories of him, the knots working at the jaw corners, and the smell of spearmint.

He reached and took Gretchen high on the neck with one hand, slipped the gum out of his mouth with the other, and when she opened her bill to yawp her protest, he thumbed the wad of gum up into the hollow of the top of her beak. He released her at once and began to roar with laughter.

WE ALL LAUGHED. It was so ridiculous. Gretchen closed her bill and it stuck. She looked astonished. She began to shake her head the way you shake your hand to shake moisture from your fingertips. She shook herself dizzy and fell sprawling off the bench. Then she began to run in circles in the yard, wings laboring, trying somehow to run away from this terrible impasse. Our nervous laughter turned shrill, climbing toward the edge of hysteria.

Above it all, above Tiger's laughter and our shrillness, I heard the grandfather laugh, the drum-deep bellowing of him as he came down off the

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AUTHOR: *Unlike the story on these pages, many of John D. MacDonald's past contributions to* THIS WEEK *have been, like his books, hard-hitting crime and suspense stories. Mr. MacDonald, who summers in the Adirondacks and winters in Sarasota, Fla., is waiting for publication by Gold Medal of his forty-fifth novel, "Nightmare in Pink."*

porch. Soon, in terror, Gretchen began driving that precious bill against things, against posts and stones, against places where the ground was hard. Then we were all howling in a shared panic, in heartbreak and concern. Because we all knew what that bill was to her — knife and fork, comb and brush, weapon, tool, sieve, bug-catcher.

So WE TRIED to run to catch her, but my grandfather swept us back with his huge arms, laughing, bellowing at us that it was funny. I hated him then. I hated the three of them, my grandfather, Tiger and Christine.

Because, you see, Christine was laughing, too. She stood up, hunched over, laughing. Grandfather and Tiger beat each other on the back and roared with delight at the deranged scrabbling terrorized creature, telling each other how funny it was. Christine moved slowly toward the steps, shrieking laughter, and as she hobbled up the steps it changed to a keening, wailing sound, the tears running down her face.

My grandfather's roaring laughter stopped abruptly as the screen door banged behind her, and he turned quickly away from the still hilarious Tiger.

Following grandfather's orders we caught Gretchen, wrapped her firmly in burlap and took her to the porch. Grandfather gently prized the bruised bill open and, holding Gretchen's head against his thigh, skillfully worked the sticky mass out of the concavity. Tiger stood watching, chuckling reminiscently, while we hiccuped in the aftermath of tears. When she was as clean as he could get her, my grandfather put her down and took the sacking off of her. She scrambled to her feet and went headlong for the safety of her beloved pond, half running, half flying.

Tiger said it was time to go, and sent Sheila in to get Christine. Sheila came out in a few moments and said Christine had a headache and couldn't go. Tiger hung around for a little while, acting sort of ugly. And then he went off, and the snarling drone of his car faded quickly. We went down to the pond. Gretchen was soiled and she had some broken feathers, but she looked unapproachably white there in the blue dusk, floating out in the middle, making no sound for us.

There were no more boat rides, no more preening the golden hair of the big sister, no more chuckling sound behind us when we walked across the yard, no more visits in the dusk. We told each other that if grandfather had let us help her before she became too terrified, it might have been all right, we might have kept her trust.

WE NEVER QUITE forgave our grandfather for that. Maybe he wasn't interested in our kind of forgiveness. He was a wild and random old man, and sometimes he made no sense at all. But when I saw Tiger the other day, I suddenly realized that if we'd helped Gretchen quickly, then it might have been just one of Tiger's little jokes, and Christine would have gone off with him that night and other nights, and the world might be quite different for her now. By delaying us grandfather showed her Tiger's kind of laughter, of which there is often too much in the world.

But he never explained. —THE END

NEXT WEEK: *Selena Mead, Washington's most glamorous counterspy, is back in another Pat McGerr thriller: "The King Will Die Tonight!"*

Illustrated by Neil Boyle



BY JULY *Gretchen was of pretty good size, and she was enchanted with Christine's long golden hair. She would preen it, never tugging or hurting*

Beware of SUCCESS!


John Huehnergarth

Again and again you've read of a successful man or woman in politics or business who ends up in divorce court. Here, psychologists say, are five reasons for a recurring American tragedy

By JOE HYAMS

HOLLYWOOD

ARE THERE FACTORS in success — in striking it rich, in reaching the top — which tend to destroy rather than solidify marriages? Two studies by social scientists show that the home life of successful people is less happy than their professional life. In the course of my own investigations psychiatrists, divorce lawyers and the experiences of the Los Angeles Conciliation Court confirmed the seeming paradox that the one element many marriages cannot stand is — success.

Although the problem is universal, Hollywood is the laboratory where the phenomenon can best be observed. Here the case histories are generally made more public, and the people involved are frequently the kind who speak out.

The last year has been an especially tragic one for the marriages of many newly successful young men and women in show business. The recent divorce cases of Brad Dillman, Carol Burnett, Robert Goulet, Peter Sellers, Anthony Newley, Jim Hutton and a host of others all dramatically illustrate a problem that arises everywhere.

There are five ways that success can damage or destroy marriage — and the social scientists who detailed them to me are unanimous in saying that they are as dangerous in Scarsdale or Grosse Point as in Hollywood.

1. The struggle for success tends completely to occupy the individual to the exclusion of family and other normal social relationships.

A study of 111 top executives in California, with salaries of $35,000 or more, revealed that the majority of men worked overtime — from 67 to 112 hours a week.

The study noted that these men were happier than the minority who worked normal hours. But it also discovered that their wives and families were less happy.

Dr. Bernice T. Eiduson, a noted psychologist, recently studied 40 of the nation's top scientists. She found that, almost without exception, the scientists' roles at home hold relatively little interest for them and they give their families, in turn, little of their best.

How sadly familiar is the statement issued by actor Jim Hutton's wife Maryline when she testified recently at a divorce hearing after nearly five years of marriage.

"*He told* me *his wife and family* (two children aged three and four) *were standing* in *the way of his career*," she said.

2. The successful person frequently feels he has outgrown the spouse.

Frequently a star or any other very successful person begins to believe in his own screen "image" and starts to think that it's time to trade in the old spouse on a younger, sleeker model more in keeping with the new image.

Dr. Merril B. Friend, a Los Angeles psychiatrist, views this as a major problem. "A man marries a girl when they were both young and starving. She keeps reminding him of the time when he wasn't such a big shot and he resents it. He wants a new identity in keeping with his success so he seeks a new mate."

The ex-wife of a star told me that her husband lived in a "world of affirmation." "All day long everybody tells him how great he is. Then at night he comes home to take on the role of just a husband and father to *— continued on page 16*

A Judge Looks at Success

JUDGE ROGER ALTON PFAFF, presiding judge of the Conciliation Court of Los Angeles, told me that success can give a sweet rather than bitter taste to marriage if both husbands and wives follow these suggestions:

1. Keep growing: Don't try to compete with your spouse, but don't stand still — don't vegetate.

Even if as a wife you are bogged down in housework and children you can find time to learn something new every year: crewel embroidery or jam making or reading everything John Steinbeck, William Faulkner or Dostoevski has written. In similar ways, a husband can continually expand his intellectual horizons. By growing, and adding to your own self-esteem, you'll find you can fit into your mate's expanding world.

2. Accept and rejoice in your partner's success. Frequently one person, in trying to keep the other on level ground, will belittle the accomplishment which has brought success. Of course, don't go to the other extreme and become in awe of the successful person yourself.

3. Be good at your job as a mate or a parent. Your spouse might see someone sexier or more interesting but if you are doing a competent job of making the marriage rewarding and pleasant — that will balance the scales in your favor.

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1. Pineapple Cottage Cheese Ring. Dissolve 3 oz. of lemon gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add a No. 2 can of Dole Crushed Pineapple including syrup. Chill until thick. Stir and pour into 1 qt. ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Spoon chive cottage cheese into center. Garnish with lettuce leaves.

2. Pineapple-Banana Upside-down Cake. Melt ¼ cup butter with ½ cup brown sugar in 9 inch square pan. Remove from heat. Arrange drained Dole Pineapple Chunks and banana slices checkerboard-fashion in the pan. Mix batter for a one layer cake and pour over all in pan. Bake in pre-heated 350° oven 40 to 50 minutes. Remove from pan to cool.

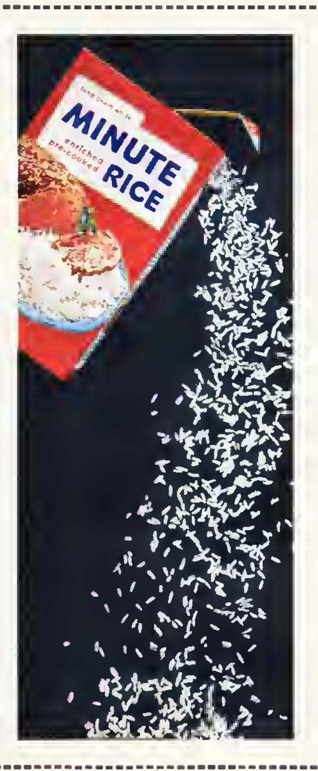
3. Pineapple Ham Casserole. Combine 1⅓ cups pre-cooked rice in a saucepan with 1 can cheese soup, 1½ cups water, 2 cups cubed ham, ⅓ cup celery, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, and 1 cup peas. Heat to boiling. Pour mixture into 1½ qt. casserole, and arrange Dole Pineapple Slices on top. Bake in pre-heated 400° oven 20 minutes.



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UPSIDE-DOWN HAM CASSEROLE

3 tablespoons softened butter
3 tablespoons dark brown sugar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 can (8½ oz.) sliced pineapple, well drained
2½ tbsps. flour • ½ tsp. salt • ⅛ tsp. pepper
1½ teaspoons minced onion
1⅓ cups Minute Rice
1 cup milk • 1 cup water
4 ham slices, about ¼ inch thick

Combine butter, sugar, and mustard in 9x5x3-inch baking dish. Place in oven (400°F.) till butter melts. Blend; top with pineapple. Return to oven.

Meanwhile, mix remaining ingredients except ham in saucepan. Bring to boil. Reduce heat. Cover; simmer 5 minutes. Stir occasionally. Top pineapple with ham. Spread with rice mixture. Cover; bake 10 minutes. Cool 5 minutes; invert on serving dish. Serves 4.



PATIO CHICKEN SALAD

1 teaspoon curry powder
1½ cups boiling pineapple juice
1⅓ cups Minute Rice
½ cup chopped dill pickle
1 teaspoon grated onion • Dash of pepper
1½ cups cooked peas
1½ cups cut-up chicken
½ cup diced celery
¼ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

Add curry powder to juice. Stir in Minute Rice straight from the box. Cover; remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes while Minute Rice takes in all the flavors—and keeps them where you can enjoy them. Fluff with a fork. Mix with remaining ingredients except mayonnaise. Chill. Add mayonnaise to rice mixture. Mix lightly with fork. Garnish as desired. Serve on crisp greens to 6.



TUNA RICE PIE

1⅓ cups Minute Rice • 1⅓ cups water
1 tsp. salt • 1½ tsps. butter • 3 eggs
1 cup grated process American or Swiss cheese
1 can (7 ounces) tuna, drained
¾ cup milk, scalded
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg • ⅛ teaspoon pepper

Place rice in a 9-inch pie pan. Bring water, ½ tsp. salt, and butter to a boil. Stir into rice, cover, let stand 5 minutes. Beat 1 egg slightly; blend into rice. Press against bottom and sides, not above rim, of pie pan.

Sprinkle ½ cup cheese on rice crust. Top with half the tuna. Repeat layers. Blend ½ tsp. salt, 2 eggs, milk, nutmeg, and pepper. Pour over tuna. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 25 minutes. If desired, top with tomato wedges for last 5 minutes of baking. Serves 6.



CHICKEN-RICE ORIENTAL

1 small clove garlic, minced
3 tablespoons salad oil
1 cup diced cooked chicken
2 cups hot water • ⅛ teaspoon pepper
1⅓ cups Minute Rice
1½ cups shredded lettuce
2 tablespoons soy sauce

Sauté garlic in oil until golden brown. Mix in chicken, water, pepper, and Minute Rice right from the box. Bring quickly to a boil. Cover; remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes. Because you didn't boil Minute Rice first, it drinks in this delicate blend of flavors as no ordinary rice can, and does it so fast, none can cook away. Just before serving, add lettuce and soy sauce and toss lightly. Serve proudly to 5.



SPANISH RICE PRONTO

¼ cup bacon drippings or butter
1 medium onion, thinly sliced (about ½ cup)
½ medium green pepper, diced (about ⅓ cup)
2 cups Minute Rice • 2 cups hot water*
2 cans (8 ounces each) tomato sauce*
1 teaspoon salt • Dash of pepper
½ teaspoon prepared mustard (optional)
(*Or use two 1-lb. cans stewed tomatoes and omit water.)

Melt fat in saucepan or skillet. Add onion, green pepper, Minute Rice right from the box. Cook and stir over high heat until lightly browned. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Bring to a boil; reduce heat. Simmer (uncovered) 5 minutes ...all the time Minute Rice needs to take all the flavor *in* so you get all the flavor *out*. Serves 6.

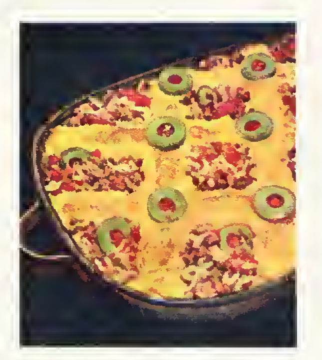


GARDEN JAMBALAYA

⅓ cup thinly sliced onion
1 cup diced celery • 3 tablespoons butter
4 cups assorted fresh garden vegetables (green beans, cucumber, green pepper, or tomato wedges)
2 cups hot bouillon • 1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper • 1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. cornstarch • 2 tbsps. water
1⅓ cups Minute Rice

Sauté onion and celery in butter in a skillet until tender. Stir in vegetables, 1 cup bouillon, salt, pepper, lemon juice. Stir cornstarch into water until smooth. Add gradually to vegetables.

Make a well in the center of vegetables. Pour in Minute Rice; pour remaining bouillon over rice, moistening evenly. Cover and simmer. In 5 minutes your flavor-filled Garden Jambalaya is ready to serve 8.



FIVE SPICE BEEF 'N' RICE

1 pound ground beef • 1 tbsp. olive oil
¾ cup finely chopped Bermuda onion
1½ teaspoons salt • Dash of pepper
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
⅛ teaspoon ground thyme
⅛ teaspoon oregano • ½ small bay leaf
1 can (10½ oz.) condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 can (1 lb.) tomatoes • 1 cup Minute Rice
2 or 3 slices American cheese, cut in ½-inch strips
Sliced stuffed olives

Brown meat in oil; add onion and cook until tender. Stir in seasonings, soup, tomatoes, and Minute Rice. Bring to a boil; reduce heat. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally, while Minute Rice fluffs with flavor. Spoon into 1½-quart baking dish; crisscross cheese over top. Broil until cheese is melted. Garnish with olives and serve to 6.



SHRIMP ELEGANTE

2 tbsps. minced shallots • 2 tbsps. butter
1 pound deveined, cleaned shrimp
¼ pound sliced mushrooms
1 teaspoon salt • ⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tbsps. chili sauce • 1⅔ cups water
1⅓ cups Minute Rice • 1 cup sour cream
1 tbsp. flour • 1 tbsp. chopped chives

Sauté shallots in butter until golden. Add shrimp and mushrooms; sauté and stir until shrimp are pink. Combine salt, pepper, chili sauce, and water. Add to shrimp mixture. Bring to a boil. Now stir in Minute Rice right from the box. Cover and simmer 5 minutes while Minute Rice drinks in these gourmet flavors . . . all of them. Combine sour cream and flour. Add to rice mixture; heat gently. Sprinkle with chives. Serves 4.



CHICKEN CONTINENTAL

3 to 4 pounds frying-chicken pieces
⅓ cup seasoned flour • ¼ cup butter
1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
2½ tbsps. grated onion • 1 tbsp. chopped parsley
1 tsp. salt • Dash of pepper • ½ tsp. celery flakes
⅛ teaspoon thyme • 1⅓ cups water
1⅓ cups Minute Rice • ½ tsp. paprika

Roll chicken in seasoned flour. Sauté in butter until tender. Mix soup, onion, and seasonings in a saucepan. Gradually stir in water. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Pour rice into a shallow 2-quart casserole. Stir all except ⅓ cup soup mixture into rice. Top with chicken. Pour on remaining soup mixture. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 30 minutes. Sprinkle with paprika; garnish with parsley, if desired. Serves 4.



GLORIFIED RICE

1 can (13¼ oz.) pineapple tidbits
1 cup Minute Rice • ¾ teaspoon salt
6 maraschino cherries, diced
1 cup whipping cream • 1 tbsp. sugar
1 cup (about 12) diced marshmallows

Drain pineapple, measuring syrup. Add water to syrup to make 1¼ cups; bring to a boil. Stir in Minute Rice right from the box. Add salt. Cover; remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes—all the time necessary for thirsty Minute Rice to absorb the tart-sweet fruit flavor. Add cherries and pineapple. Chill thoroughly. Combine cream and sugar; whip. Fold whipped cream and marshmallows into rice. Serves 8.



SAUCY RICE CASSEROLE

¼ cup chopped onion • 2 tbsps. olive oil
½ clove garlic, crushed
½ pound chopped beef
2 cans (8 ounces each) tomato sauce
1 can (6 ounces) tomato paste
1½ cups water • 2 tsps. brown sugar
1 bouillon cube • ¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper • ⅛ teaspoon oregano
1⅓ cups boiling water
1⅓ cups Minute Rice

Lightly brown onion in oil. Add garlic and chopped beef; stir occasionally until browned. Blend in tomato sauce and paste, 1½ cups water, seasonings. Simmer 10 minutes. Measure boiling water and rice into 2-quart casserole. Gently pour hot tomato sauce over rice. Do not stir. Cover; bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 minutes. If desired, garnish with chopped parsley. Serves 6.



DANISH CRÈME

1½ cups milk • ¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt • ⅔ cup Minute Rice
¼ cup chopped blanched almonds
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup whipping cream • Bing Cherry Sauce

Boil milk, sugar, salt, and Minute Rice uncovered for 8 minutes. Fluff rice occasionally. Remove from heat; cover tightly. Let stand 10 minutes. Add almonds and vanilla. Cover and chill. Whip cream; fold into rice mixture. Serve with sauce to 6.

Bing Cherry Sauce: Drain 1 can (17 oz.) pitted Bing cherries. Add enough water to syrup to make 1½ cups. Blend syrup, 2 tablespoons cornstarch, and a dash of salt. Cook and stir until thickened and clear. Add cherries, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and, if desired, ½ teaspoon almond extract. Cool.



SKILLET STROGANOFF

1½ pounds sirloin steak • 2 tbsps. flour
¾ teaspoon salt • ⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons salad oil
¾ cup finely chopped onions
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 can (10½ oz.) condensed cream of celery, chicken, or mushroom soup
1 cup sour cream • ½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
1⅓ cups Minute Rice
1⅓ cups beef bouillon

Cut steak into thin strips. Coat with flour, salt, pepper. Brown quickly in oil. Add onions, mushrooms; sauté over low heat till lightly browned. Add Worcestershire sauce, soup, sour cream. Bring to boil. Add salt, pimiento, rice to bouillon. Make well in center of meat mixture. Pour in rice. Cover; bring to boil. Simmer about 5 minutes. Serves 6.



A break and a break-up

children who think of him as a man, not a god."

Publicist Mike Selsmao told me this about the recent breakup of his marriage with Carol Lynley. "Before we were married we used to sit on a beoch in Ceotral Park and talk about what we wanted from life. Carol's parents had been divorced—she never koew her father—and she said what she wanted was stability, normalcy and family life. For the first two years we had a good marriage with Carol working more as a model than as an actress. Then she got the big break."

The big break was being choseo by Otto Preminger for a starring role io "The Cardinal." "She returned home exhausted," Selsman said. "All she could talk and think about was her —continued on page 18

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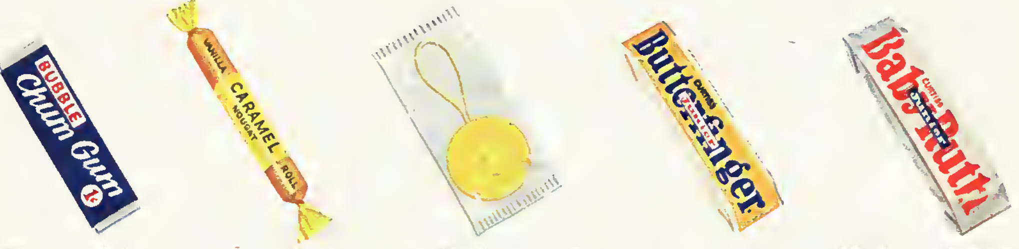
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Continued from page 16

career. Then one night she told me she wanted out. She had married too young, she said, she wanted to have the glamorous life and career she felt she was missing because marriage tied her down."

3. The success of one partner in a marriage usually results in a lessening in the self-esteem and identity of the other.

Sheila MacRae, who has been happily married to Gordon MacRae for 22 years, told me that her lack of identity in the early years of marriage caused her the most problems.

Sometimes, the success of one partner can be poison to the other, and in status-conscious America this is especially true. One female star who recently divorced her husband, a childhood sweetheart, told me with rare understanding of the problems he faced as the husband of a star.

"At premieres photographers would ask my husband to step out of the picture, frequently calling him by *my* last name. Even his business associates would introduce him as my husband. A few years of this and his whole personality changed.

"He used to drive me to work and pick me up but he felt that people were saying he was my lap-dog. Then he became a heavy and obnoxious drinker. Soon, my advisors suggested I could not afford him, financially or socially. So I divorced him. Now I'm miserable and so are the children."

4. The marriage may have always been shaky. It was held together only while both partners had a common goal.

"Our marriage was all right while he was struggling to get ahead because the struggle gave us common ground,"



"It's the last bite that worries me"

CELEBRITY GALLERY

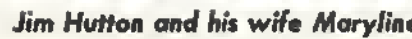
Marriage vs. Success on the Screen

Nowhere is success more a pitfall to marriage than in show business. At right are three couples whose recent break-ups, says author Hyams, involved the success factor.



Brad Dillman and wife Frieda





Jim Hutton and his wife Maryline



Johnny Carson and Jody Wilcox

one disillusioned ex-wife told me. "Then when he made it he didn't need me."

5. Success itself can drive some people to drink or drugs or sex.

Sigmund Freud was the first to report on cases of people who, having achieved success, were incapable of enjoying it. My own observations for over a decade are that at the top of the success ladder some people find themselves with more than enough money to satisfy all material desires, but without the creative drive or the capacity for deep human relationships or any goal to give significance to their lives. When not working — and often even when they are — these people are bored. Hence the constant quest for an opiate. This kind of immaturity can also lead to divorce.

Dr. John Arnold Lindon, a Los Angeles psychoanalyst, explains that the person who achieves success overnight tends to feel guilty about the good things which have come too fast. Conversely, the success of one partner can arouse feelings of guilt in the other, who may feel he does not deserve to share in the success.

"One of the ways people keep their equilibrium is through mental bookkeeping," Dr. Lindon told me. "Frequently when too much good happens to people they tend to balance the books — to act out their feelings of guilt by going into a mild depression or picking a fight, generally with someone they love. They're seeking punishment."

Of course not all marriages in which one partner or the other attains success are doomed to end in divorce. Many such marriages are happy — the James Cagneys, Joel McCreas, MacDonald Careys, Robert Ryans, and Dan Duryeas — to name a few.

After all, success is a fine thing; we all want it and it's right to work for it. But it doesn't bring automatic happiness unless we know how to cope with its problems. —THE END



"Well, did the shoe fit?"

How to Live with Your Shape

Drawings by Joan Blume

Here's a story for women who don't have "ideal" figures – with tips on clothes that flatter your shape

By JOAN RATTNER *This Week's Women's Editor*

AND WHAT SHAPE ARE *you* in? Are you put together in just the right proportions? Are you just the right height and the right weight? If so, stop right here — this story is not for you. You have no trouble finding clothes. But millions of us can't wear a perfect "miss" or "junior" size and have for years been complaining loudly and plaintively, "I just don't know where to look for clothes. And I don't know what to look for when I get there."

Others of us tend to be a *little* bit heavy or a *little* bit tall or a *little* bit short or whatever, though we can wear "regular" sizes if we choose carefully.

The fact is that every woman does not look good in every style — we all know that from our own trial and error. Clothes that look fine on a tall, thin girl do not necessarily flatter a short one or a plump one. So the first thing to remember is not to be seduced by the attractiveness of what you see on someone else. There are very definite fashion rules that good designers use to create optical illusions which flatter the various shapes of women. If you know what they are, you'll make fewer mistakes, and know what to look for when you shop.

While no two women are made in exactly the same configurations, *there are five basic variations of the "normal" shape — tall girls, overweight girls, short girls, tiny girls and thin girls.* Of course, there are endless combinations of these types. You may, for instance, be a tall overweight girl, or a short-waisted thin girl. If so, read the sections which apply to both your characteristics.

We've wheedled some interesting information out of good designers, manufacturers and shops. First, choose your type, then read the tips meant for you:

1. Tall Girls: You're considered tall if you're over 5'8". You're probably young, fairly slim with long neck, long limbs, small bust. You are about eight per cent of the female population. You've found "tall girl shops" a boon.

2. Overweight Girls: You haven't stuck to your diet, and you may wear up to size 56, or one of the "half" or "custom" sizes, depending on your height and the length of your waist. Designs for you have been around for years — though not always well thought out.

3. Short Girls: If you're under 5'4", most designers consider you short and you are in the majority. (If you're very short but also small boned, see the next section.) You're usually short-waisted and short-necked, with arms and legs which need an illusion of length. Plenty of clothes are made for you today in the "half" or "petite" or "contour" size ranges.

4. Tiny Girls: You are the latest figure variety to fall onto good times, because manufacturers have just recently discovered "junior petites." You are a woman of any age who is well proportioned, but definitely small boned and usually under 5'2". You are shorter and narrower than a junior, and there is a surprisingly large number of you.

5. Thin Girls: You are the current fashion ideal, if you are not markedly undernourished. You can play up your stringbean shape, but most of you look for ways to give the illusion of more roundness and femininity.

Turn page for tips on choosing your clothes

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Here's what suits you

WHICHEVER FIGURE TYPE you fit, here are dos and don'ts from the experts on how to dress for your own special shape:

The Tall Girl. She can be dramatic and impressive, can wear bright colors, offbeat accessories, bold patterns. If she's thin enough, she can wear horizontals, big prints and plaids, and should avoid boldly vertical lines. If she's not, she should read this section and the one below.

The tall girl must be sure her clothes have the proper fit at the waistline — no seams above her natural waist. The shift is perfect for it avoids the problem altogether. Lane Bryant's Tall Girls' Council recommends bare shoulders, conservative hemlines neither too short nor too long. It suggests tunic dresses, jacket costumes, princess lines, flared sheaths.

Buy good clothes or stick to simple styles, recommends specialist Peg Newton, then add oversized accessories.

If she wants to de-emphasize her height, the tall girl should look for horizontal interest — wide belts, two-piece outfits, suits, wide collars, capes, dolman sleeves. She should never wear very tailored, mannish clothes with straight lines, advises Anita Colby, but should choose softer things that feature blousing, flared or full skirts. No long tight sleeves for her. No big hairdos, tall hats.

Large accessories are for her, though — big chunky jewelry, big handbags, wide belts, wide-brimmed hats. As for shoes, medium heels make feet look smaller than the tall girls' favorite flats.

The Overweight Girl. The big girl can fool the public to a considerable extent by choosing clothes carefully. First rule: look for vertical line — full-length front openings, single-breasted styles, V-necklines, long sleeves, up-and-down patterns, full-length coats.

All lines should be soft and feminine, never too tailored, according to etiquette expert Amy Vanderbilt, who also designs dresses. She advises concealed or slanting pockets, narrow matching belts that fasten in at least the second notch, overblouses.

The plump girl needs clothes well but loosely fitted. Lane Bryant recommends no high or cluttered necklines and slightly longer skirts than the current fashion. No tight slim skirts, no full skirts. A slight flare is best.

Choose simple styles, says Evelyn Roaman, and turn down cluttered bodices, thin straps, empire waists, chokers, very low decolletage.

Solid colors or small overall prints are best, with colors on the subdued side, fabrics kept to the smooth, lightweight, non-shiny, non-bulky, nonclinging types. The

— *continued on next page*

plump woman should wear no contrasting sections. Dark colors are slimming, but she can wear lighter shades if they're soft.

Jewelry is best kept to a minimum and not too chunky. Long beads are good, so are long gloves. Stockings with seams and a slightly dark tone slim down legs. So do shoes with heels not too high, not too low.

The Short Girl. Proportion is the thing. The short girl, often short-waisted, should avoid high necks, batwing sleeves, double-breasted styles, patch pockets, excess trim, round necklines, skimpy hems, big jewelry, advises Amy Vanderbilt. Clean, simple lines are best, with no fussiness or large-scaled patterns. Look for vertical design. Be sure belts are long enough and inconspicuous.

Shorter jackets, says manufacturer Leonard Arkin, are in better balance than long ones. But they must at least reach the waistline. Reveres should be high and small, collars small. Two-tone costumes are out. So are full skirts. The short woman can wear a sheath or princess or A-line to give a longer, slimmer look.

While high necks are not good, neither are low decolletes which cut the area from neck to waist. No wide belts, either. If the short woman has good legs, skirts may be on the shorter edge of fashion. Coats should be full length.

Says designer Vera Maxwell, choose sleeves at least three inches above the wrist, or long tight zippered sleeves, collars that drop away from the back of the neck. V-necks give length.

Jerry Silverman, who produces dresses for the short girl, says her clothes must be simple, understated, with emphasis more on line than on trimming. No big bows, big ruffles, full skirts, oversized buttons.

The short girl must stick to scaled-down accessories and looks best in fairly high, but not spike, heels.

The Tiny Girl. The junior petite can wear just about any style so long as it is properly proportioned for her and understated, says Musette.

Designer Urleene Chaplain recommends her clothes be stripped down to the barest, purest lines to give the illusion of height and longer proportions. They must be unfussy, uncluttered. To seem taller and longer legged, top interest is good if it's not too bulky or heavy looking. Exaggerated sleeves, big collars, muffling necklines, excess detail are not for her, nor are two-tone costumes that cut off the figure. Collars, sleeves, hems should be kept to a minimum. Accessories should be scaled down — *turn page*

We always show our true colors

Prices shown are factory suggested list prices. Model 21CD-4 Antique White Finish shown.

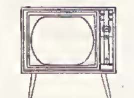
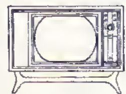
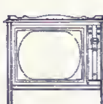
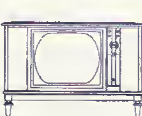
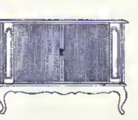
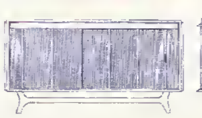
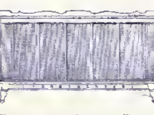
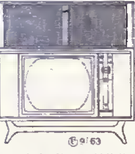
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FASHION FIND

Hoods Are Hot News

Frame your face, and keep your ears warm with a cozy fur-hooded coat

Richard Urwin



SNUGGLE UP IN a hooded coat this winter — just like our model Nancy Berg. Built-in hoods are a fringe benefit of this year's sporty-look-come-to-town trend — even on luxury coats like these by Monte-Sano & Pruzau.

The fabulously cozy coats here all have their owu attached hoods. When you're not feeling chilly enough to wear the hoods up drop them back into soft collars.



Top coat at the right, made of wheat-hued fleecy wool, is topped by a big Russian armur coon hood. Below that, black Russian sable circles the face, attached to a yoked-back coat in French ribbed silk. Right, royal blue and black tweed for both coat and hood.





Actress-model Berg opens soon in "Fail Safe." ——J. R.

LIVE WITH YOUR SHAPE— *Continued*

too. The tiny girl needs length either over-all —such as in the sheath or shift—or in one portion, as in high-waisted styles, according to Mr. Mort. There should not be too definite a break in the middle.

Good for evening are high fronts, low backs. Shaped bell or A-line skirts usually flatter her more than the very full ones.

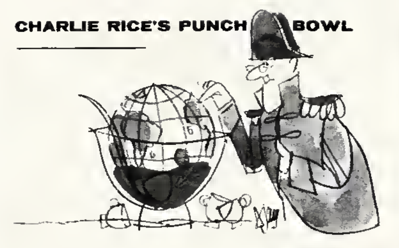
The Thin Girl. The first thing a self-conscious thin girl must remember is not to emphasize her bones. Therefore she should avoid bare necklines, bare shoulders, clinging fabrics. For her, tbe full or pleated skirt is wonderful. So are double-breasted styles, A-lines, empire, muffled looks, big bold patterns, turtlenecks and high collars. Sheaths and straight skirts are not the best. A thin girl should leave shifts and other up-and-down styles to her plumper sisters as she needs a cut-off line somewhere in order to give her width.

Contrasting belts (wide if she's tall enough), low waistlines, horizontal patterns, capes, two-piece outfits, two-tone costumes, suits that are not too straight, peplums, bulky fabrics, bright colors — all of these add width. The thin girl can get away with extra details — big bows, patch pockets, drapes, blousing, ruffles, shirring, lots of jewelry, showy scarves. Her coats should have a wide flare, or a belt, or another variety of horizontal thrust such as an empire line or hipline seam with a flaring skirt. Odd-length jackets and coats are good.

Shiny fabrics as well as bulky ones add weight to a thin girl, as do bright colors, big plaids and horizontal stripes, fabrics with body. If her arms are too thin, sleeveless styles are out. But loug (not tight) sleeves, wide cuffs, bracelets, raglan sleeves work well.

Thin legs require pale stockings without seams, shoes that are not too pointed or plain. ——THE END

CHARLIE RICE'S PUNCH BOWL



Goofy Geography

An advertising friend confided a deep secret to me the other day: Although the advertising world is known as MADISON AVENUE, only about ten per cent of New York's advertising agencies are located on Madison Avenue.

Well, it's little paradoxes like this that make life fascinating! For instance the theater is known as BROADWAY, but only two of New York's 34 legitimate theaters are actually on Broadway.

And before we depart from New York, the EAST RIVER is not a river but an ocean strait, CONEY ISLAND is not an island, and the HUDSON RIVER is really a drowned estuary.

Proceeding north a few hundred miles, we reach the St. Lawrence River and the THOUSAND ISLANDS—which is the geographical understatement of all time: there are 1,500 of 'em!

A quick jump to New England through Vermont (originally called NEW CONNECTICUT because it was next to Massachusetts), leads us to Maine, which is known as the DOWN-EAST STATE though most of us think it's Up North.

Then dropping down to Boston (State-of-Mainers always call it going "up" to Boston) we find many matters of historical interest. You may have heard that the BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL was actually fought on Breed's Hill.

Boston also boasts the oldest subway system in America, which is known to every inhabitant as the BOSTON ELEVATED, *or the "L."*

Before we take a crack at a few foreign lands, let's remember that Chicago, the WINDY CITY, isn't anywhere near as windy as Buffalo, and New York is windier still.

Our next stop is England — London, to be specific. The TOWER OF LONDON isn't a tower but a group of fortress buildings, none over six stories high.

How tall is a tower?

ROTTEN ROW *is a swanky horsetrail in Hyde Park, and London's staid old financial district features a street named* HOUNDSDITCH.

Crossing the Channel to Paris, we find that most of the GRANDS BOULEVARDS are only a few blocks long. Paris has 31 great bridges that cross the Seine, and the oldest is called the PONT NEUF, the New Bridge.

To top it off, no Frenchman ever heard of the RIVIERA. In France it's called the CÔTE D'AZUR (Sky-Blue Coast). And since we have to stop somewhere, the Côte d'Azur is a pleasant place to pick. Meanwhile, if you have a favorite geographical paradox of your own, I'd be very glad to hear from you. Maybe we can take another Tangled Tour in a future issue!

Charlie Rice

Kings and queens on shaky ground

bereditary distinctiou and authority, of which the monarchy is the outstanding example.

We humans have a way of persuading ourselves that everything goes on forever. But bistory shows nothing goes on for very long. The past is littered with the debris of power systems which, in their day, seemed massive and enduring.

Only a few left

When I was a child kings and emperors held sway over most of the world; in Russia and Germany, in China, India and Turkey; in Austria, Hungary and Spain. Now they are reduced to a few precarious dynasties, as in Thailand, Greece and Jordan; to the Scandinavian-style ones of Europe's Western seaboard, and our English monarchy.

I leave out of account the Principality of Monaco and Japan, both of whose monarchies have American connections to sustain tbem. Princess Grace, as the daughter of a Philadelphia millionaire, can surely keep Rainier on bis throne, and the Mikado bas bad the example of General Douglas MacArthur to perfect bim in the art of being a democrat.

I once traveled on a train with him on his first postwar visit to Hiroshima. He had clearly been instructed to raise his homburg hat (outward and visible sign that he was no longer the Son of Heaven but just an ordinary People's Monarch) by way of a folksy greeting. His instructors, however, had neglected to tell him that it sbould be raised only in response to popular acclaim. The result was that His Imperial Majesty contiuuously lifted his hat, settled it back on his bead, and then lifted it again; a bizarre, but somehow symbolic gesture.

It may be considered historically curious that the greatest republic of modern times, the United States, should thus underwrite declining monarchies. I confess I used to envisage our English monarcby finding its last sanctuary across tbe Atlantic. But this was before the arrival of tbe Kennedys in the White House. Now I am more doubtful. How amusing if, as the last monarchy expires in tbe Old World, the descendants of King Jack and Queen Jackie should still be reigning in Washington! —THE END

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE *once told a TV interviewer that "The essence of a free and civilized society is that everything in it should be subject to criticism." A leading British journalist for 33 years, he was once banned from appearing on BBC because of his views on the Royal Family.*



ELIZABETH: *At Coronation in 1953—and today*

"I'm guilty," I said

you ever had a moving violation?" I said yes, it was.

"How long you been driving?"

"Forty-odd years."

"You have to appear in court, nowadays."

"I know."

"The fine'll be fifteen dollars. And this will have to go on your license. Two more moving violations and your license will be suspended for a year." He sounded almost regretful.

A young cop. Handsome. Sensitive features and very intelligent, dark eyes. The kind of cop our area had long tried to recruit. I said that, since this was my first offense in 40 years, I didn't believe I'd commit others very soon.

He nodded. Murmured, "I hate to be the first police officer to nail you."

"Your job," I said. "I probably was going that fast. Didn't realize it, is all. Driving into the sun. Wearing such dark glasses I'd have gone into the hay if I'd tried to refocus to see my speedometer. I'm guilty. No complaint."

Truth and a ticket

The long, pasteboard ticket was almost complete. He paused. "Actually, once, you went over fifty-five. I followed you for more than half a mile."

"I know. I could see you behind me."

"You *knew* I was following!"

"Sure. I always know what's going on behind me. Person should."

"Then *why* didn't you slow down?"

"Because I didn't realize I was speeding."

That spoiled any idea he might have had about letting me off. Maybe it wasn't bright of me to admit I'd been aware of him behind me. But it was the truth. He completed the ticket, told me when and where — on Miami Beach — I'd have to appear in court and handed it to me, saying, "You're being mighty *nice* about this."

"Why not? I broke the law. You're a law-enforcement officer. No kick."

He shook his head wonderingly and stepped into the near lane to halt traffic so I could get back in the stream.

Two weeks later I showed up in a courtroom where about a hundred others waited. The judge entered and told us our rights. We could plead guilty — he fined — and get the fact entered on our licenses. We could plead not guilty — and have a trial, later. We could plead guilty "with an explanation" — and he'd listen to it. We were entitled to a lawyer, if we wished.

My day in court

Then the hearings started. Nearly every defendant tried to weasel out of the charge. Their "explanations" were usually transparent lies. Frequently, an irate citizen turned to the audience and loudly protested his innocence. Arresting officers were called liars to their faces. Not a pretty sight — Mr., Mrs. and Miss America trying to beat charges occasioned, patently, by their own bad driving.

My turn came. I'd planned to plead guilty. But I'm human, too. So, when I reached the bench I heard myself say, "Guilty — with possibly mitigating circumstances."

The judge looked up from his paper-shuffling. "What 'mitigating circumstances'?" he asked.

I explained about the level sun in my eyes and the impossibility of looking away from the road to read a speedometer. Lamely, I wound up, "If the arresting officer were here, I know that he would acknowledge those were the conditions that made it extremely hard to assess speed."

—and then the cop spoke up

"I'm right here." And, of course, he was. Arresting officers have to testify against those they've charged — and on their own time, without extra pay. He was in sports clothes and I hadn't recognized him. He went right on speaking: "I'd like to say something about this case, your honor."

"Go ahead."

"This is the most courteous man I ever arrested, your honor," the cop said. "He is a very superior driver, responsible, polite, and what he says about the driving conditions is true. If I'd known the sort of man he is — known how decent he would be — no back-talk or threat to use influence — I'd never have flagged him down."

Having an officer testify in behalf of the person arrested was, evidently, a brand-new experience for the judge. He stared at the cop for a moment — then at me — and abruptly dismissed the whole thing.

Somewhat stunned, I thanked the judge and the cop — and went.

That evening I told some friends of my singular "day in court." All except one were amused by my "good luck."

That one said, "What a *pathetic* thing!"

The others were baffled. Not I, though. For "pathetic" was correct. I explained it:

"When Americans get flagged down for a traffic offense, they usually rage, alibi, threaten to use influence, deny charges — and, generally, act as if the arresting officer were a bum, a boob or both. A cop gets to expect nothing but rage and back-talk from the public. So, often, he gets in the first round by being cold, sarcastic, whatnot. My guy was icy — till it entered his head that he might be arresting somebody who would treat him like a human being.

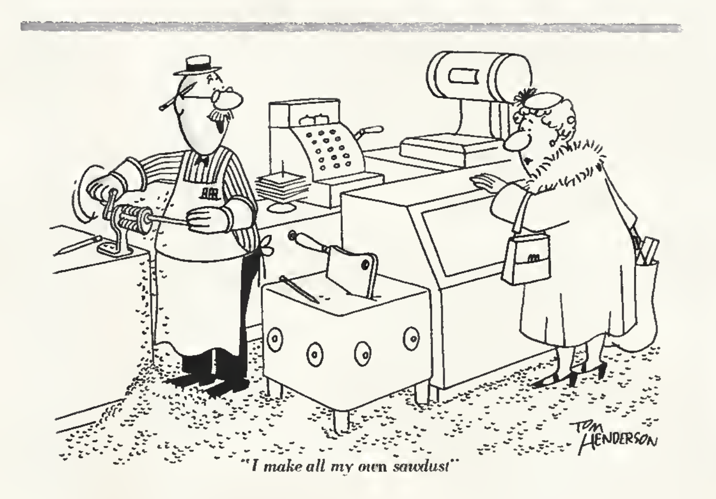
"People fear cops," I went on. "And what people fear, they usually hate. Americans resent arrest. They act as if nobody had a right to pull them in. It's the way the public treats cops that causes cops to be the way they are. And why *not?* Without police, no woman would be safe from rape, no home from burglary, no man from mugging, no street would be usable at night. Police die for us, every year, by the scores. There are never enough of them and never enough of them have the desired qualities — because we tax-payers won't fork over the necessary money. Yet cops do all they do . . . for lower pay than the wages of carpenters and plumbers. Why *shouldn't* they feel edgy about you and me? Hostile to us?"

Snarls for the brave

If all of us generally law-abiding citizens reacted to policemen with the simple decency due to men who arrest some of us to protect us *all*, the morale and manners of America's police officers would change greatly. For how, after all, would *you* act, if almost everybody you had to speak to, every day, snarled at you — or worse? Snarled at you — when your very *job* involved being ready to give your life, for the snarler?

Almost every one of us owes the wearers of police uniforms an ashamed, permanent apology! —THE END

PHILIP WYLIE, *who has been on best-selling lists since 1927, is probably best known for his celebrated "Generation of Vipers." His later works include "The Innocent Ambassadors" and "Triumph." Born in Massachusetts, he now spends most of his time in Florida.*



"I make all my own sawdust"

Aubrey P. Janion



AUTHOR: *Elsie stops in bookstore to check on sales*

Farm Dishes from Blueberry Hill

Elsie Masterton's Vermont inn is famous for old-fashioned food with a gourmet flourish

By CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD
This Week Food Editor

GOSHEH, VT.

"WHEN A MAN AND WOMAN are in love," said John, "they can accomplish impossible things."

Long, lean John Masterton and his fiancée Elsie were sophisticated city career people. John a lawyer, a governmeut official, Chief of Enforcement of the OPA in the New York Region during the war years. Elsie, a secretary to a famous orthopedic surgeon. Tbe year before John met Elsie he had made a clean break with his city career.

A fine skier, an outdoor man, he put his savings into a thousand-acre mountain farm, Blueberry Hill, in Goshen, eight miles northeast of Brandon. It was a farm complete with a sizeable mountain. He would build a ski area — a fun way to make a living!

His money was gone, but the area was ready. He discovered Elsie and they fell in love. Elsie knew nothing about country living. The only cooking she had done was in her New York apartment kitchenette. But Elsie loved John. No concern about the future — John would be there. So they started from scratch, relying on their hands and wits to survive on this farm in the clouds.

Eating replaced skiing

The ski business didn't work out. A ski area without snow for two seasons! Instead, within five years Blueberry Hill became a summer resort with three meals a day, and dinner served to transient guests. John became a carver of beef, a dispenser of good cheer, carpenter, plumber, mason. Elsie, with no training but trying, had become a gourmet cook.

Today their home is a famous inn. Elsie is the chef. Also, she conducts a series of cooking classes which bring women to Blueberry Hill Farm from Boston, New York City, Chicago.

As a sideline Elsie packs certain delectables which are sold mail order and in delicacy shops along the easteru seaboard. Her blueberry jam started the business. Now almost as popular is the cucumber marmalade. The blueberry jam is different from any other as 75 per cent of the berries used are under-ripe, still red. The jam is red-purple rather than blue. This, like everything Elsie makes, is done her owu way.

Eight years ago Elsie hegan writing books. John took a hand with the first one, published in 1956, "Nothing Whatever To Do." The book is the story of the farm and tells about their struggle to survive. Elsie's second book, the "Blueberry Hill Cookhook," gives 275 of her favorite recipes.

Puhlished this fall is "Blueberry Hill Meuu Cookbook," which gives one party and one family menu for each month of the year. It tells when to do what. Each cbapter is followed hy a "leftovers" section.

Not loug ago I had luncheon with Elsie in New York City. She told me about her busy life, the cooking classes, tbe book writing. She has a once-a-month radio program, appearing on "The Farm Paper of the Air." We talked about her daughters: Lucinda 13, Heather 11, Laurey 10. Hushand John is now a member of the Vermont Legislature and last winter the family lived in Montpelier. Said Elsie, "It was the first winter I have been anything but a pioneer woman since coming to Blueberry Hill. Yet when the spring came we were all delighted to return to the farm."

Here are four of the dishes that farm guests have liked best. Taste those codfish halls! They bear no resemblance to canned codfish mixtures. The combination of Brussels sprouts and green grapes is a delicious surprise. So beautiful!

HAM CROQUETTES WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

Croquette Sauce (recipe below)
2 cups finely diced or chopped ham
¼ cup finely chopped green pepper
1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
1 cup coarse soft bread crumbs
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup butter or chicken fat
Mustard Sauce (recipe below)

Combined cooled Croquette Sauce with the ham, green pepper and onion; mix well. Chill for 30 minutes. Shape mixture into 6 patties. Roll in the bread crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in crumbs. Sauté coquettes in butter for about 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Serve with Mustard Sauce. Yield: 6 portions.

Croquette Sauce

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
5 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon finely minced onion
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon lemon juice

Melt butter. Blend in flour to make a smooth paste. Add milk gradually, stirring until smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is very thick. Cool thoroughly.

Mustard Sauce

1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Melt butter. Blend in flour to make a smooth paste. Add milk gradually, stirriug until smootb. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens slightly. Stir in mayonnaise, mustard and lemon juice. Cook over low heat until tbickened. Add salt and pepper; mix well. Serve hot. Yield: 1 cup.

Note: This sauce keeps well in the refrigerator. Always reheat over hot water.

CODFISH BALLS BLUEBERRY HILL

1 package (4 ounces) shredded salt codfish
4 medium potatoes
Boiling water
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, beaten
Fat for deep frying

Soak codfish according to the directions on the package. Peel and quarter potatoes. Then add the fish. Cover with boiling —continued on next page

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Everyone wants blueberry muffins!

water. Cook for 15 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Drain thoroughly. Return to pan. Shake over heat until dry. Add butter and pepper; beat thoroughly. If necessary add salt to taste. Continue to beat until mixture is very light and fluffy. Cool. Add beaten egg. Shape mixture into small balls about 1½ inches. Fry in hot deep fat (380°F.) for 2 minutes or until light brown. Drain on absorbent paper. If desired, serve with tomato sauce. Yield: 4 portions.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS AND GRAPES

1 pint fresh or one package (10 ounces) frozen Brussels sprouts
Boiling salted water
¾ cup seedless green grapes
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 small red onion, thinly sliced (optional)

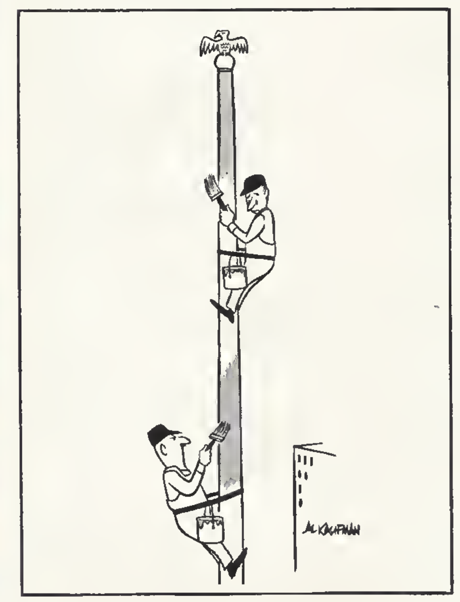
Cook fresh or frozen Brussels sprouts in boiling salted water until tender. Add grapes. Cook over low heat for 5 minutes or until grapes are plump and hot. Drain. Add butter and seasonings. If desired, add onion rings. Toss lightly until butter is melted. Yield: 4 portions.

OLD-FASHIONED BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

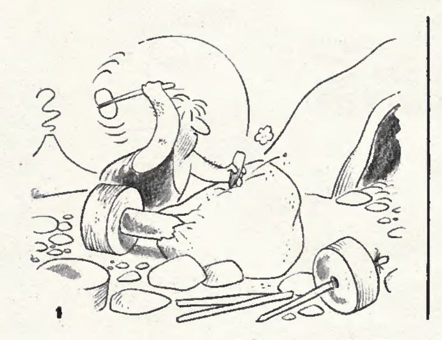
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
¾ cup milk
1 egg
1¾ cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup blueberries (fresh or frozen without syrup)
1 tablespoon flour

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add milk and egg; beat until smooth. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add to the creamed mixture. Mix just until moistened (batter will be lumpy). Toss blueberries with the one tablespoon flour. Fold into the batter. Fill well-greased muffin pans two-thirds full. Bake at 425°F. for 20 minutes. Yield: 15 medium muffins.

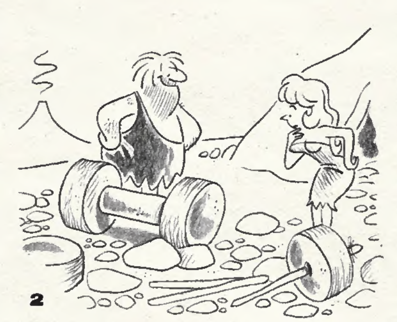
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He Wheels, She Deals



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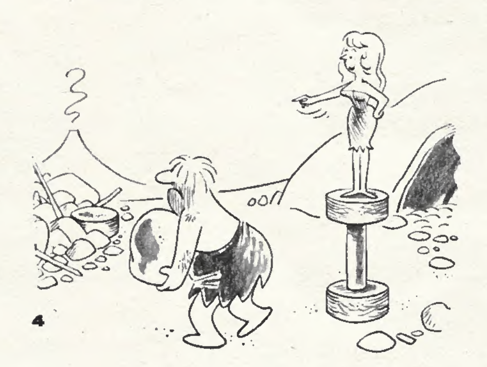


2



3

By JACK TIPPIT



THIS WEEK'S PRIVATE LINE

Continued from page 4

water at 3 knots for 15 miles before running out of juice. There's room inside for one man to sit with no one beside him. Husbands who take their wives along have to decide between over-the-shoulder or back-seat advice.

•

A legend is born Not long ago PRIVATE LINE received a letter from Vermont relaying the following heart-warming anecdote: "The other night a friend of ours passed a forlorn stranger who was struggling to change a tire in the rain. Our friend insisted on lending a hand — despite the stranger's protest that he'd get drenched. Next day a truck arrived and the men unloaded a color-TV set — gift of the stranger. The accompanying note read: '*I appreciate your helping me change that tire. Sincerely,* Perry Como.' "

A real nice tale, we thought — until we checked the story with Perry's press agent. "*Good Lord, has that story cropped up again?*" he groaned. "*For the past six years Perry has been reported changing tires in almost every state of the Union — mostly in places he's never even visited. One columnist even printed it.*"

In short there is no truth to the color-TV story. People just want to believe it, which is the way myths are born. Well, at least it's nice to hear of a false rumor that does somebody credit!



SHARI LEWIS AND COMO: *Did he have a flat tire?*



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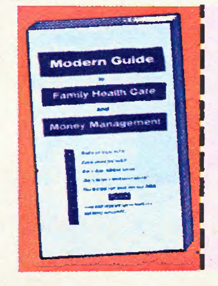


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